

*A Method Actor:  
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Mirror Image  
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*By Mr. Notestas*

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Journeys into Passion  
***A Method Actor:  
Mirror Image***

By Mr. Potestas

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eBook Edition

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This adult short story is a work of fiction. It is meant for those eighteen and older. There is sexual and taboo content, some of which may not even be possible. All characters are eighteen or older. Though there are inspirations from other fictional sources, any similarity to real people, live or no, is merely coincidental.

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Forward

Dina is taken off guard by her costar Shannon. She almost could not believe how much Shannon's personality was matching her demonic character almost too well ...

Enjoy!

\* \* \* \*

## Mirror Image

Dina walked up to her fellow actor's rented home not far from the set. Well, it was really a mansion, and she meant to ask how she even found the place. She would be creeped out by the seclusion, but middle-of-nowhere Montana, where they were about to start filming, defined "secluded." Besides, all the main cast of five were supposed to be best friends or lovers.

It was Shannon's idea for the five of them to meet up, the true method actor of all of them. Of course, Dina was not exactly sure how one could really "method" their way into a Demon antagonist, even if the character started as Human.

Dina saw four other cars already back at the gate, so it appeared she was the last to arrive. Before she could even ring the doorbell, the rather striking, raven haired Shannon opened the door. Her wavy hair was done up like it was in test shots the other day: wavy, red streaks. She wore a shiny black dress, fishnets, and high heels.

"Come on, Di!" she said excitedly. "We're about to play truth or dare!"

"OK ..."

In many ways, this was the first time the five of them were all together. They may have screen tested, but never really knew each other.

They all sat on the floor, drinking, laughing. One was the tall and muscular Jason Burrows, the next was the slim Mary Smith, and the last was the rather large chested blonde Laura Jackson. None of them were particularly big name stars, but the film was technically independent with a moderate budget. Dina did look forward to the sex scene with Jason, though.

A couple shots were on the table. Shannon suggested she take a couple. Well, always liking to make an entrance, Dina did.

"WOOOO!" Dina explained, posing her firm physique for all of the happy partiers. They cheered and complimented and invited her down. She sat next to Jason.

"So, Jason. What happened at your drunkest night at Juilliard?" Laura asked.

Jason apparently chose truth (an empty bottle was also pointing at him). "Shit, I blacked out!"

"Don't cop out now!" Shannon said with a big laugh.

"I did, but I woke up with *three* others in my bed."

"Three!?" Laura said.

"Two girls I kinda knew ... and a guy I never met before! Kinda remember the drunken sex, but there were pictures. We did this sex chain. One woman was fucking my ass with a dildo, I was eating out the other woman, and that other woman was sucking on that other guy's dick."

"Holy shit!" Laura exclaimed.

"Too good to remember!"

They all laughed.

“Thing is ... Kinda hate that it happened. The pictures suggested I was pretty wild and domineering and won't hear a 'no.' It just wasn't me.”

Shannon handed them all another shot, before administering several more rounds. It was all “truth,” so they learned a lot about each other. Jason was single, and rather shy, relating the drunken orgy he hated. Mary wanted to be a big movie star all her life, but hated even the prospect of being what others wanted her to be, literally being told regularly to have plastic surgery all over, dye her hair lighter, “accentuate” her physique. Laura had to constantly fight the near constant “blonde bimbo” moniker she despised. She was already being typecast as that “sexy chick,” *always* forced to dye her hair yellow blonde and barely forcing a smile at the paycheck. Shannon appeared to bond with the women, having similar experiences. Dina herself revealed that she was on the edge of leaving the industry thanks to all but being raped by some production assistant she thought she liked. The experience terrified her, while she *hated* the fact that she let herself fall into such a compromised position.

“Mary,” Shannon said, “Truth or dare?”

“Fuck it! Dare me,” she said hotly.

“You asked for it! I dare you to make out with Laura.”

“Good thing I'm drunk!”

Laura subtly shrugged with a smile. Their kiss was subtly tentative at first, but their mouths soon opened all the way. Their tongues visibly penetrating their other's mouth. They moaned playfully. They eventually broke the kiss, a string of spit briefly connecting them.

“You taste like boos!” Laura laughed.

“So do you!” Mary playfully nudged “At least you're a fuckin' good kisser.”

Shannon passed around another shot. Whatever the stuff was, it was strong. Dina already felt as wasted as the others looked.

Shannon spun the bottle. It landed on Jason. He chose dare.

“Let me make out with *you*.”

“OK,” he said drunk and happy.

Dina found herself actually jealous. She was really growing to like the man.

Shannon crawled over with a hungry smile. Her motions were seductive and purposeful. She crawled on top of the smiling man, and pulled him up to her face. They quickly began to make out, Shannon holding him tightly from the back of the head. It was lustful, passionate, and tongue-filled.

“OK, we got the point Jason,” Dina said, with more than a hint of jealousy. Her hand was pushing Shannon away.

Shannon relented, and broke the kiss. She had a very satisfied smile on her face, looking down on the dazed man. Jason looked like he had the wind knocked out of him.

“Shit, you're a good kisser,” Mary slobbered.

“Oh, fuck, yeah,” Shannon confirmed with a now almost triumphant smile.

Jason was looking more than sloshed, so Dina helped Jason out of the room.

They walked down the long, somewhat dimly lit hallway. Dina caught her reflection in a mirror. She felt heavily disoriented, like she just took a few shots of cheap whisky. The feeling continued for what might have been several minutes ... And then, she felt *hollow*. She shook her head a few times ... The image was as expected in the dim lighting, but it was still off somehow. It was as if the woman looking back at her was *someone else*. She shook her head again.

Looking around her, Jason was gone. The hallway was dead and silent. She then heard voices from a room at the other end of the hall

"Hey, you OK?" she heard a familiar, muffled voice say.

Dina slowly walked toward the room. She peaked through the ajar door. Neither were recognizable in the shadowed moonlight.

"Just drunk ... hot ..." the man said, before peeling off his heavy shirt.

The woman helped him put the shirt aside, and placed her hand on his chest. Dina felt strangely turned on just watching the two in secret.

The woman seductively walked over to the bed, and sat, apparently presenting herself. "I can make you feel better."

After rubbing his eyes, he walked over. The woman appeared to be looking the man over, before he roughly pushed her down onto the bed. Moving in somewhat snakelike ways, he kissed up and down the side of her neck. It was *so hot* watching them!

Dina reached under her skirt and panties, rubbing her moist crotch excitedly to the shadowed site.

The woman now was on all fours being penetrated by the man. The thrusts were fast, hard, and aggressive. Dina had never been fucked so hard herself. The more the man thrust into the woman, the more loudly moaned and cooed. It became the most intense pleasure Dina ever saw.

He suddenly slowed, thrusting somehow deeper, harder. He huffed and puffed oddly.

Then, he made a grunt that almost sounded like a wolf's growl, and began to thrust more wildly. She cooed just that much more loudly.

Dina soon found herself groping her breasts and rubbing her pussy widely just outside in the hall. She found herself becoming lost in her own pleasure from the sights she just saw.

Suddenly, Dina heard an intense, resonating roar accompanied by a wild scream. Dina was pulled out of her own pleasure, and looked into the room.

The woman seemed to be in a new level of intense pleasure. Dina quickly realized that the lighting in the room seemed to be improving. The man was ... *Jason!*?

At the same time, Jason seemed to be pumping so much dark cum into the woman that it was leaking out.

The woman was soon finding herself moving back and forth on her own accord in a clear madness of pleasure. Dina suddenly realized that the woman Jason was roughly fucking was *her*. Well, the woman, whose eyes were half closed, somehow looked exactly like Dina. Everything then began to spiral into greater impossibility. She could just barely make out what looked like long, sharp, black claws protruding from the woman's fingertips. Tentacles ripped through the woman's breasts, slithering, before quickly retreating back inside her healthy orbs. The woman clearly *embraced* it in an epic orgasm, twisting her head and licking both her lips and now pincer-like teeth ...

Dina found herself wandering confused through the halls after witnessing the impossible orgasmic insanity. What happened did not seem real. The woman screamed so loudly, yet no one else outside the room apparently heard the cries. Nothing was feeling *real* ...

"Di!? Are you OK?" the fully clothed Jason suddenly called

"What?" she blurted confused.

"I heard something a moment ago, and lost you ..."

"Jason? Weren't you just in that room fucking someone?" she asked in a near whisper filled with confusion.

"What? What are talking about?"

Jason and Dina moved to the bedroom that looked empty and untouched. She was not completely sure if that was even the right one, though.

"We are fuckin' drunk. Hell of a party! Let's get back ..."

Jason and Dina casually sat sipping some kind of alcohol Dina could not recognize. No one seemed to notice them. At the other side of the room, Shannon was continuing the game with the others ...

They burst in drunken laughter. Glasses were quickly filled, and gulped just as quickly. Mary plopped herself up onto the couch. The other two stayed on the floor, all still forming a circle.

Shannon spun the bottle. It landed on herself.

"Hrm ... Truth or dare?" she asked herself sillily, making everyone giggle.

"Truth! OK, If I could have sex with anyone in this room, which would it be?" She looked seriously at Mary and Laura, and answered, "Mary! So much potential."

They laughed and drank another shot.

Shannon spun the bottle. It landed on Laura.

"Truth or dare?"

"Hrm ... Dare!"

"You asked for it! I dare you, Laura ..." In an instant something changed in her. Shannon's eyes became deeper and darker and stiller somehow, while her subsequent tone was confusingly deep and resonant. "... To become my personal bimbo Demon."

"What?" she asked in disbelief.

Shannon slowly, methodically crawled onto the frozen woman. She grasped the back of Laura's head, and forced a deep kiss, with a blatant tongue. Laura tried to pull away, but seemed powerless in Shannon's apparently strong arms. Shannon eventually broke the sobering kiss. Laura looked dazed, confused. Suddenly, Shannon placed her finger tips on side of Laura's head.

What Dina saw next was like some acid trip. Shannon's fingers went into Laura's head. Laura's eyes rolled back, breathing heavily in terror and confusion. Dina could somehow *see* Shannon overwriting the software of Laura's mind with ... something else. Laura's skin suddenly began to turn so deathly pale she was practically white. It developed an odd shimmer, too. Her eyes then became large red beads with tiny black pupils, while her teeth became sharper and fanged. Even her already large breasts grew slightly, as her ass and thighs definitely ballooned. Small, yellow-colored horns then protruded from the top her head like cat ears, while her hair was now somehow a natural yellow-blond.

Shannon pulled her fingers out of Laura's head. She then removed her pants, lay back in front of the now apparently mindless Laura, and deeply resonated, "You know what to do my personal bimbo Demon."

"Fuck yeah!" she responded excitedly in a distinctly deep, resonating voice.

The fully transformed Laura then crawled over to the shimmeringly wet, dark crotch of expectant Shannon. Laura extended out her now super-long tongue. It began to bulge and stiffen, developing a distinct helmet at the tip that also had a hole. It grew somewhat further until what looked like wet, pubescent balls emerged passed her very large lips. The balls then grew into massive, hanging orbs. Dark pre-cum escaped the tip, and she rubbed the goo into the impossible cock with a deep moan.

What was Laura then penetrated into the deeply cooing Shannon. Laura could clearly feel her apparent dick inside the other woman. The two were deeply cooing like wild jackals. Nothing about it looked truly Human. Yet, the grotesque eroticism of it was undeniable.

The orgasmic Shannon looked over to Mary, but the face was horrifyingly not Human any more. Ram horns protruded from her head! Her skin was deathly pale, while her lips were a shimmering crimson. Her bone structure was far more distinct like her skin had less layers. Ears were pointed. Her pale teeth were all sharply triangular. The color of her eyes were a horrifying yellow encased by pitch black rings, while a curious black line cut that color in two.

"She does her dares well!" Shannon darkly resonated. She outstretched her boney, black clawed hand. "Join us, Mary ..."

Mary, Dina, and Jason ran out of the room. Mary ran off into another hallway. Before Dina knew it, she was hiding in a bedroom with Jason.

Breathless, Dina sat on the edge of the bed, head in her hands. Was she drugged? She felt strange, off somehow. And that was not even counting what she just saw Shannon do to Laura! It was almost as if ...

Jason began to rub her shoulders. "Wow," he said quietly. "You feel so tense, Dina."

"Did you ... Did you not just see what Shannon just did ...?"

Dina found herself putty in Jason's surprisingly soft hands. He never rubbed her shoulders before, and now wished he did.

"Wow, that's *really* good ..." Dina huffed. "Never knew you could do that ..."

"I have many skills!" he huffed into her ear.

"Your hands are so soft, Jason ... Jason?"

Dina turned. Her heart skipped a beat! It was a very pale Shannon wearing practically nothing, just a shimmering red robe that did not really cover anything but her back. Dina recoiled in her surprise and shock. Shannon leaned forward in perfect time, lightly grasping Dina's chin. There was a look of lustful hunger in her eyes and open mouth.

Shannon felt Dina's mouth and face, while brushing her hand through Dina's hair. Dina found herself feeling arousal she never knew she could feel toward a woman. Shannon's hands were so soft and deliberate that she found herself implausibly aroused by them. There was even more, though. Dina felt utterly powerless before Shannon, who literally guided Dina to her healthy, mouth watering breasts.

Dina found no resistance to Shannon pulling down her skin tight top. She huffed in utter amazement, Shannon groping her chest with those super-soft hands. She was soon guided into a lustful, tongue-filled kiss. Dina never felt a forked tongue before, let alone knew anybody with one, as she never felt a woman's lips on her own before. The tongue, the lips, they felt *better* than anything she ever felt any time she remembered being aroused. If there was any resistance left in her, it was long gone. Dina *wanted* whatever Shannon was about to do to her.

Shannon's touch from breasts to inner thighs sent elective waves of pleasure up her body. Dina even found herself feeling up Shannon's soft arm and thighs.

Dina soon found herself on her back, Shannon on top of her. Shannon held her hands above her head. Dina could not get enough of Shannon's slithering, forked tongue! Shannon then released Dina's wrists, moving down to slither her multi-directional tongue on her fully erect breasts. She sat up, Dina feeling up the firm thighs, and Shannon slithered like a snake in heats, grinding her sultry pussy on hers. Dina felt up and down the woman's body, feeling the eroticism of it for the first time. It all felt so good that nothing else mattered.

Shannon then dropped her minimalist clothes, and teasingly pulled Dina up, before pushing her back down. She held her neck, and gave Dina's nipple a tease with her full lips. Shannon pulled her back up. They hungrily made out, grinding into the

other's pussy. Shannon subtly guided her to her breasts, which Dina automatically consumed. Dina never actually understood the male obsession with breasts before. Yet, she now wanted to consume them, feeling their erotic allure engrain itself deep in her psyche. When they leaned back to grind their crotches more aggressively, Dina's found herself just drinking in the beauty of Shannon's beach balls. Their perfect roundness made ovular by their attachment to the body, their deep pink areolae, their puffy and firm nipples, they were glorious! Dina briefly looked up to the lustful Shannon in silent compliment.

They leaned forward slightly, and Dina found herself hungrily feeling from Shannon's back to her breasts. She teased herself by just looking at them so close her eyes almost didn't focus on them. At the same time, Dina found other hand feeling, groping Shannon's asscheeks, hip, and calf. She found herself absorbing the pleasure for the soft skin, their rounded shape, and flexing muscles into all that aroused her.

Shannon then pushed Dina down onto the bed. Her body lifted itself onto Shannon's soft, wrinkly sole traveling up her body. It soon found its way to the back of her throat. With her hands and mouth, Dina absorbed the hot sexuality of it into very being from ankle to toes.

Eventually, Shannon felt up Dina's body with her supple hands, Dina lifting herself into them. She eventually leaned down between Dina's legs, soft and arousing hair everywhere somehow. She was consumed with pleasure at both Shannon's touch between her breasts and dick-like tongue up her wet pussy. The tongue then blasted what felt like super-hot cum up into her womb, making Dina scream and writhe in epic orgasmic bliss.

When Dina came down slightly from the mindless orgasm, Shannon was apparently slobbering hot, dark spit all over her outer right calf. No, maybe the spit wasn't dark. A pattern, a tattoo was visible. It was of an elaborately wrapped, black chain around Dina's calf and shin.

Dina's legs were soon wrapped around Shannon's waist, they made out hungrily, joyously, desperately. Shannon even ground her orgasmic pussy just that much more,. They groped their bodies almost in celebration, Dina lustfully grabbing Shannon's ass. Shannon almost teasingly groped around the edges of the apparent tattoo. When Shannon lifted herself, Dina's eyes instantly went to the tits before her before, and happy licked the firm nipples. They ground some more, and came some more. And eventually, Shannon was licking Dina's neck in a strangely distinct pattern ...

The next thing Dina knew she was lying on her stomach, fully clothed. It was like waking from a vivid, wet dream. She sat up, and found herself alone in the dark room.

"Jason? Where are you?" she called in vain.

She left the room, and wondered the dark, quiet halls. The building was apparently much larger than it look from the outside. She eventually found herself in a

large library. A book laid open on a coffee table in front of an old couch. She examined the book.

"What the fuck?" she said to herself, book in hand. She sat. "*When Humans become Demon during the ritual they are tasked with making yet more ...*" she quietly read allowed. "*This spell acts like a potent virus. It may be reversed at dawn if at least one Human from the original group is not tainted. The originator may stay Demon, but will likely be dragged into the Underworld ...*"

"This can't be real!" she muttered, thumbing through the book. "Thought these things were supposed to be in Arabic or Latin or Minoan or something ... Shannon must be doing some crazed method actor thing ..." Dina shook her head, trying not to believe any of this demonic stuff as well. Because if it was true, there was no doubt that she was "tainted" now. She could see the black chain tattoo on her leg, suggesting she was indeed fucked by the beautiful Shannon. The distinct crisscrossing of the chain actually turned her on hypnotically ...

'I have to keep moving,' she thought.

She left the room, and moved quickly through the dark corridors. Dina kept having to shake her head, tell herself to stop thinking the insane things she was thinking. It was as if every time she closed her eyes she imagined herself at the whim of Shannon again. Dina would think about her healthy ass, and think about Shannon putting her fingers up Dina's hole. Dina licked her lips, and imagined Shannon shoving her forked tongue down her throat ... THIS WASN'T HER! Dina kept telling herself. She was not a lesbian, let alone submissive. Yet, she kept thinking it without a hint of dislike, as she felt no dislike toward her apparent submission to Shannon earlier. She felt her long hair with a deep breath.

Distinct moaning and growling sounds became prevalent ahead. The sounds did not really sound human in both their resonance and loud growls. She stopped just short of a doorway into a large, dimly lit room, with one other door on the opposite end to a hallway so black it was like a blind spot in reality. The three others, now something inhuman yet still "Human" enough physically. They were all over each other in a slithering threesome. "Laura" was sandwiched in between. Monster dicks of *both* "Jason" and "Shannon" were inside her ass and pussy. They occasionally kissed and slithered their long, forked tongues. It was like an orgasmic celebration of their new selves.

On sudden impulse with her bony, clawed hands, Shannon grasped Jason's black horn, and sucked it off like a dick. They all sort of came whenever they felt like it, apparent black cum dripping down their legs and onto the floor.

Dina felt an odd confusion watching them. Yes, she *did* want to go in there to join them. A heavy pull grasped her at the sight of them. Her mind naturally floated to the times she had *normal* sex, including the one simulated scene she did. While she

remembered enjoying the sex then, she found the thought of normal, less than passive sex now actually ... *revolting* ...

With great effort, Dina quickly turned back, and went down another corridor. After several implausible twists and turns, she saw what looked like a door to the outside. Suddenly, the *demonic* Shannon appeared out of the shadows, blocking their way.

"Enjoying the party?" she deeply resonated.

"What's happening!?" Dina screamed.

Shannon smiled knowingly, toothily, with teeth black and sharp. "*You* have a good idea already, Dina."

"What?" Dina huffed, wanting Shannon to just take her, to remove all the confusion.

Shannon slipped off into the shadows.

Mary suddenly appeared from a connected corridor.

"Mary!?" Dina huffed

"Hang on just for another few minutes, OK? I think we'll start feeling like ourselves when we leave this place. Are you all right?"

Dina, teeth clenched, looked long at the earnest Mary. The next few moments lasted an eternity in her mind. Dina knew what she had to do. She needed to follow Mary outside, and find Shannon — *No!* That wasn't right. They needed to leave this place, and hope to God that nothing would be permanent. Yes, that's the *right path*. Here was the plan: They would leave, escape to the woods, and that's where Dina will find and fully submit to Shannon. Wait, was that the *right* thing to do? No ... Why was this so hard? They needed to find their way to safely. The *right* plan was escaping before she lost herself to whatever was happening.

"I'm OK, Mary. I'm all right. Let's get the fuck out of here ..."

They quickly ran outside into the moist fresh air of the night. Mary stayed slightly ahead.

Once they hit the tree line, Dina huffed, "Give me a minute, Mary. Takes a lot to keep composure ..." She leaned on the tree, tired.

"OK ... Are you feeling any better?"

"Yes, Mary, a little" she said honestly. "There's just a pull back to the house, you know?"

"Let's keep moving, OK?" Mary smiled almost alluringly.

They moved forward somewhat slowly in the bright moonlight. Dina found herself ahead.

"That pull lessening, Dina?" she said from behind.

"Yes, Mary ..." She still felt *off* somehow.

"Good, I'm glad we might be escaping this nightmare!" Mary said.

Dina walked on for who knows how long. Eventually, she saw what appeared to be a clearing ahead. It was ... The road? It was early morning.

She found herself alone at the front gate of the old mansion. Dina's car was just sitting there. The others were apparently gone, apparently including Mary.

Dina entered her unlocked car. Her keys and cellphone were on the driver's seat. Something was horribly wrong here, like she experienced far more than she remembered.

Her phone suddenly buzzed. The text was from Shannon: "Hell of night last night, right? You were great. Can't wait to start shooting with you, babe! Lets meet up tonight at seven. Got a producer friend I'd like you to meet. Her name's Rebecca!"

Dina texted back with a remarkable feeling of excitement: "Yeah ... See you then."

She noticed the panther tattoo on her leg, wide eyed, before pulling down the visor and opening the mirror. Something caught her eye under her hair. She pulled her hair back to reveal a five-pointed star sort of on its side.

Dina laughed cathartically. "Can't wait to see the face of the makeup and costume crew when they see these!"

####

*Back Flap*

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